


# BCC's 30th Anniversary Issue

It's  
The  
Broward  
Community  
College  
Student  
Magazine







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# **It's The Broward Community College Student Magazine**

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# *It's Contents*

## **Preface**

Heather Lyn Gupton *The Environmental Hypocrite* 4

## **Fiction**

Ralph Jason Seymour *They Never Come Back* 6

Scott E. Coventry *Mirror Wall* 9

Garry Weinberger *Linda?* 11

Sherry Eyzaguiere *Profile* 15

Kim Calder *Snow Angel* 16

## **Photography**

Ralph Milner *untitled* 21, 22, 28

James Bell *untitled* 23, 25, 26, 27

Victor Damian *Protesters* 24

## **Non-Fiction**

Cassandra Gettel *Welcome to the Jungle* 30

Cindy Long *Living It Up in Suburbia* 33

Randy Standley *Memorable Place* 35

## **Artwork**

Scott E. Coventry *Reggae* 1 38

Heather Lyn Gupton *Despair Hanging on the Wind* 39

Kristin DeJoris *untitled* 40, 41

Nancy *untitled* 42

## **Poetry**

Susan Clerici Knill *Ballad Monger* 44, *Sneaker Ditty* 45

Michelle Muenzenmeyer *Portrait of an Old Woman* 46, *Dad* 47

Heather Lyn Gupton *Squared* 48, *Virtuoso* 49

Maurice Fleming *Aggregates* 50

James Martin *Mango Anthem* 51

Scott E. Coventry *Last Refuge of the Great Egret* 52, *Opposum One Evening* 53

Bob Homme *Berlin 1989* 54

Amy Suzanne Martin *Distance & Postcards from Memories* 55

Paul Raimondo *I/O Error* 56

Ann Young *Fire* 58

Laura Pecoraro *untitled* 59

Todd Wilson *First Love* 60

## **Environmental**

Ibia Fries *All That Garbage* 63

*Where You Can Help* 67





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# Preface:

## The Environmental Hypocrite

As I was approaching my editorial soapbox, I began to think about all the things that BCC does to encourage its budding writers. For instance, each campus has its own individual writing competitions and poetry contests. It is truly wonderful to see a school give its writers something to work for, something to compete in, while the talent is yet green. But I would like to see more involvement still within the writing community of BCC. Especially more involvement with literary publications. Few community colleges can claim that their literary publication is a student-only project, winner of a state-wide general excellence award. Proudly, BCC can.

And speaking of involvement, what of the environment? Readers nationwide have witnessed a trend in the publications of 1989/1990. It's cool to be "green," to be environmentally conscious and considerate. This trend has been witnessed in a variety of publication genre - everything from health/beauty/fashion magazines to purely scientific publications. One would think that people would begin to catch on...

I, for one, am an environmental hypocrite. I hate industrial pollution, one of the causes of acid rain and the greenhouse effect, and yet I smoke cigarettes, which emit carbon monoxide into the atmosphere, my lungs, and most horribly, into other people's air.

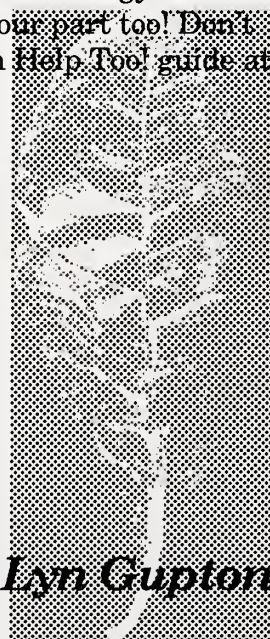
Littering is nasty and dirty, but everyone has succumbed to pure and unadulterated laziness on at least one occasion. But it is laziness, lack of consideration, and lack of planning, that cause major environmental problems.

I certainly don't advocate that everyone become a pure vegetarian (and by that I mean no meat, no fish, no poultry, no eggs and no milk!) because personally, I think that existing on lentils is a fate worse than death! Nor do I necessarily advocate the banning of leather products. Yes, it is cruel, but shoes are necessary in our asphalt environment. Furs, however, are a different story.

Killing an animal just to be able to sport its fur, something meant to actually protect the animal, is hideous in my eyes. But I have a rabbit-fur coat. (I feel like a criminal for even owning it, even if it was a hand-me-down!) So I am an environmental hypocrite. But taking a look around me, I see that I am not alone in my hypocrisy. That thought, however, serves me no comfort.

I don't, however, feel too bad in comparison to organizations such as the John Birch Society, who was kind (!) enough to send our staff literature on the dangers of believing "doomsday" predicting environmentalists. And while some of their presumptions ring true, if even they don't sound logical realistic, their main point seems to come across as "industry before environment." Of course if we let selfish and narrow-minded people like that have their way with the environment, then they will eventually destroy it and themselves along with the rest of us somewhat less hypocritical environmentalists.

I'm trying to do my part, to be more ecologically aware and considerate. I genuinely believe that people wish to become more environmentally conscious. Maybe I'm just being hopeful, but one has to look no further than the pages of this publication to see that people have ecology and the environment on the brain. Do your part too! Don't forget to look over our "You Can Help Too!" guide at the end of the magazine.



*Heather Lyn Gupton*



# FICTION



# They Never Come Back

---

*Ralph Jason Seymour*

As Eli's feet left the crossbar, he embraced the familiar feelings of wind and speed. He loved the feeling of his stretching tendons, and the dull ache of his shoulders from a long day of swinging on the rope. He began the gentle rocking and swaying to build momentum for the flailing, diving dismount that had become his trademark. The lake surface began at the point of upswing on the rope, and the point of safety for whoever was swinging. When

Eli passed this point, his stomach would release its knot of nervous fear. The water was clear, blue,

and safe.

He always let go in time to sail. This was the most exhilarating part of the ride. He felt a sense of weightlessness and freedom that his obese body would never allow on land. He felt graceful as the water rushed beneath him. His momentum carried his feet over his head as the blur of trees dissolved into the shimmering water. Those moments in the air, flying, made him feel like the loons that skimmed along the water with wingtips millimeters from the surface. He felt like a superhero; and at the same time, he felt like a mortal in the hands of God. It would be His decision whether to allow Eli to keep his grip until he reached the water. It was the only time Eli felt beautiful.

"You look like an idiot when you do that," was Boo's reproach every time Eli exited the water. This was true, because what for Eli was a religious experience of grace and beauty, from



the shore looked like a pinwheeling fizzig of arms, legs, and neon bathing trunks. It had been Boo's idea to ditch school and scramble down the embankment to the ropeswing.

At 13, Boo was two years older than Eli, and to Eli, infinitely more wise. To Eli, Boo was stronger, slimmer, faster, funnier, smarter, blonder, and generally better than himself. To Boo, Eli was there and that was enough. Boo had a line of marks across his rear end that could just be seen around the legs of his cutoffs. His father had made the marks with an acrid cigar that perpetually hung from the corner of his mouth. Boo had tipped over a crate of dynamite with which his father had intended to blow up town hall.

His mother had left home when Boo was nine. He considered himself abandoned until he chased a goblin into a box of old papers. Inside the water-stained cardboard box was a picture of his father and mother by the lake. She was wearing a yellow pastel sundress with a great floppy white hat gripped in her laced fingers. Beneath the pictures were papers with the heading "New Hampshire Department of Mental Health." Boo read, for the first time, the committal papers for his mother. Until that time, Boo had wondered why he saw lights and people that other people could not see, and why his father beat him especially hard when he talked about them. At twelve years old, Boo realized not only that he was crazy, but that he was keeping with family tradition.

"You're crazy," Eli shouted. "No one can do a front flip into a dive." Eli had seen the older boys do front flips

and back flips off the rope. Eli tried a back flip once, and landed squarely on his stomach to a chorus of "oooh"s from the pack of boys on shore and a torrent of laughter from Boo. As Eli struggled for breath, he made up his mind that his dives, however awkward, were much more satisfying than the cheap sunburn the bellyflop had given him. And dives were now all he did.

Boo was adamant. "I can do it. I'll do it now. I'll bet you."

"What do I have that you don't?" Eli asked. He was nervous and uncomfortable at the serious tone their day of fun had taken.

"All your Matchboxes. Even the ones I've already got."

"No way, José!" Eli exclaimed with genuine horror. Eli's mother had given him a Matchbox car every month from her government aid checks. They were his prized possessions, which he oiled and dusted, and never let Boo near. Boo's car case was a kaleidoscope of scratches, damage, and flaked enamel. The thought of his cars in this condition made him feel ill.

"Your cars against my gun." This was too much for Eli to stand. He was green at the thought. Boo's .337 Crossman air rifle could disintegrate an apple juice jar on five pumps at 25 feet. Eli had a Daisy single cock spring rifle that was accurate, but would bounce off a toad and only dent a Coke can.

"You are really crazy," Eli snapped, and was instantly sorry as a rare expression of hurt crossed Boo's face. Eli was confused by the expression and gave into the dare.

"Well, go ahead," said Eli, motioning toward the rope. He knew

Boo was strange, but Eli seemed unable to cope with the transformation of his friend. Eli swallowed hard as he saw the strange hardening and softening of Boo's features.

What Eli did not see, however, was Boo's mother on the white raft in the middle of the lake. Her crisp yellow sundress was as bright as the sun. Boo could smell her perfume, White Shoulders was her favorite, as she waved and beckoned to him.

"Okay, move," Boo said as he climbed the tree and inched along the crossbar. His eyes never left the vision as he yelled for the rope. Boo knew it was not real. The ghosts he saw shimmered and went out of focus when he stared at them. But this one was so clear, and her perfume was as strong as when he would lay his head against her head to sleep. This was the first time he had seen his mother since he was nine. He left for school with her sitting on the steps making one of a hundred dolls she crafted from old cloth, and waving good-bye. Four years of pain and longing surged within Boo as he gripped the rope. "Keep the gun oiled," he said as tears began to well in his eyes.

Eli was now frantic. His idol was crumbling before him. The shadows of the trees hid Boo's eyes, but Eli knew they were fixed on one of the "ghosts" his friend often saw. Boo seldom spoke of them, but Eli had learned to recognize when he was hallucinating. Fear began to curl in Eli's stomach like a snake. Boo's chest began to heave, and Eli sobbed with him, as children will cry when their

mother trips and skins her knee.

"I don't want it; it's yours. The bet's off."

Boo glanced over his shoulder with a scowl at Eli. Eli's fear surfaced through his tears. Boo looked like his father, without the cigar, but just as frightening. Eli retreated a step as his fear turned to anger.

"Stop it!" he screamed and stopped to pick up a stone. As Boo turned his eyes back to the water, Eli winged the stone squarely between his shoulder blades. Boo reached back to the mark, letting go of the rope and tumbling backward off the crossbar.

Boo landed flat in the dirt, packed hard by the countless feet of young boys. He looked out at the water only to see the rope make its slow, weightless rise over the lake. The vision was gone.

"She's gone," Boo said with strained lungs as he tried to regain his wind.

"Who?" asked Eli, waiting to be pounded for knocking Boo off the swing. Boo layed sprawled before him. Eli felt equal for the first time in his friendship. But Boo was not the same.

"My mom, she's gone. She's not coming back."

"She'll come back, she's your mom."

"They never come back."

"I don't get it..."

"That's it, no one ever does."

Boo trailed off.

The rope finished its pendulous sway and rested still in the heavy summer air.



I walked into the room. It was a big room but didn't have anything in it. No pictures or vases. Not even place mats for my Pepsi. I looked around at the people. My mom walked me in and I held her hand tightly. I was scared of something but I didn't know what. The people didn't smile.

They didn't say anything. After a moment a woman came over.

***Scott E. Coventry***

She smiled as she got closer but it didn't seem real. She was weird.

"Hi, I'm Doctor Raymond, and you must be Anthony." I didn't like her already, but I wasn't about to tell her that. I wasn't talking.

"Why don't you have a seat right here Anthony. I just want to ask you a few questions."

She had a box under the table next to her chair. It was pretty big but whatever it was I didn't want it. I tugged on my mom's hand but she didn't seem to understand that I wanted to go.

There was one man in the room that I knew. Psychologist Robert. He says he's a doctor but he won't be giving me no shots. He's the best doctor I know...but I still don't like him. I sat where the doctor told me to.

"Are you comfortable there Anthony?" the woman doctor asked.

I didn't talk. I didn't trust her. I just continued looking through the room. Mom sat down with me. The room was cold. I got scared when I heard some machine start running. I sounded like a VCR but I didn't see one anywhere. All I could see was my reflection

in the mirror. It sure was a big mirror though, it covered an entire wall from top to bottom. I didn't like it. Something was weird about it, but I didn't say nothin'.

The sound of the box being set onto the table drew my attention away from the mirror-wall. The woman doctor set it up where only she could see into it.

"I have something here for us."

She pulled out a doll. It was ugly. It didn't have no clothes. It looked kinda like some of the kids that I've seen. But no better than any of my sisters dolls.

"Your sister didn't like the doll either Anthony," she said noticing how much I disliked it, "but your sister helped me and your mother out. All she did was answer a few question. Do you want to help your mother and sister? Because you can you know."

I just looked at her. There was something about her. I bet she didn't have no kids of her own. She stood the doll up and looked me in the eyes. She was trying to stare me down, I could tell. That's the way dad used to look at me before he did it.

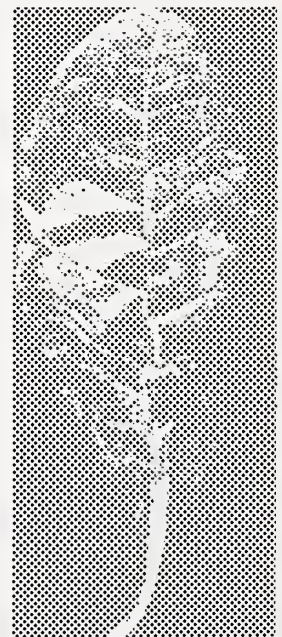
"You can help your mother and sister out you know. All you have to do is tell me where your father touched you the time your mother came home."

I tried not to cry. I don't know if I did or not, but mom hugged me and said it would be alright. That's all I needed so I wasn't talking.

As we were leaving I looked back at the woman. She really smiled at me for the first time.

"I'll see you next week Anthony."

I just smiled back and climbed into the car.





It was half past midnight when I finally crawled into bed. I hurriedly set the clock to wake me at a quarter to seven. I was bone tired and wanted my full six hours of sleep. Stephanie had long since drifted off. She had been avoiding me all day. When I came back from class, she was out; she still hadn't returned by the time I went to work. I looked at her sleeping silhouette as I pulled the sheet over me. I'd be up early in the morning. We could discuss it then.

*Garry Weinberger*

"Mark?"

Her voice brought me out of the sweet beginnings of sleep. "What're you doing awake," I asked numbly, turning slightly to her in the darkness.

"I've kind of wanted to talk to you." So nice of her to wait all day until I was asleep.

"We'll talk in the morning, 'kay?" I leaned over and kissed her lightly, then snuggled back into my pillow.

"I'd rather we talk about it now."

I turned my head to look at the glowing digital numbers. It was five to one. "I've gotta be up soon, Steph. Tomorrow, please."

"Mark, who's Linda?"

"Linda?"

"Linda," she affirmed. I tensed inside.

"The only Linda that I know is a girl I work with." I tried to say it as casually as possible, all the while reminded of Linda's long black hair and

Linda?

flawlessly tanned skin. "Why do you ask?" I gave her a sly dig. "Has somebody been telling you nasty things about me?"

She was silent for a long while. It must have been a good couple of minutes, because when she finally spoke she startled me fully awake again. Her words sharp with bitter anger. "Tell me, Mark, what name do you think you called out last night: It sure as hell wasn't mine!"

Ohboyohboyohboy, that was it! I didn't have to ask any further about why she had been treating me like the black plague lately. I just lay there next to her, feeling her anger and frustration like a physical force. I didn't dare say a word. Her breathing was uneven. I wondered if she was crying.

I reached out a tentative hand, not quite touching her. "Steph, are you okay?"

"Is she better than me?" The uncertainty in her voice was like a cold knife in my heart. One of the things that had made me fall in love with Stephanie was her complete sense of self-confidence. She'd never needed a man for dependency, but she'd chosen me anyway. To hear her assurance crumble like that really struck a chord in me.

"Look," I told her, trying to sound as reassuring as I could. "I swear to you that nothing ever, ever went on between us. She's a pretty good friend, but that's it." I gave her shoulder a gentle squeeze. "Now, goodnight."

"Goodnight."

"Mark?" I pretended that she hadn't awakened me, but she gave me a

little shake to make sure I was up. I cast a bleary eye at the clock. Two-thirty a.m.

"It's not morning yet, Steph."

"Mark, tell me about her."

Now, I love Stephanie with all my heart, but, God help me, I wanted to choke the shit out of her. Instead, like a fool, I started speaking to the unseen ceiling. "Linda Brookes is twenty-one years old, looks like a dream, has more sensuality than Charo, charms everyone around her, and is a wonderful person."

"She's from Dallas and loves chocolate-mint ice cream with Oreos. She took me out to lunch on my birthday and gave me that certain article of clothing that you're so crazy about."

"If it's of any interest to you, her sex life is the same as yours; she's living with a guy who she's wild about and goes to the same university that she does. The one thing that separates the two of you is that I'm not in love with Linda. Steph, you're more than enough woman for me, now and always. You mean the world to me and I wouldn't do a damn thing that might make me lose you. If you wake me up one more time, I'll hit you over the head with a blunt instrument. GOOD-NIGHT!" With that, I promptly closed my eyes and gave in to weariness before she could open her mouth. Ahhh, sleep. Sweet, uninterrupted sleep.

"Mark?"

I groaned and dropped a hand to feel underneath the bed. "Where's that goddamn baseball bat?" It was 4:21 a.m.. She had actually let me sleep nearly a whole two hours this time.

"Do you ever, you know, talk to



her about us?" There was an element in her question that I somehow couldn't identify. I was too bone weary to try.

"Yeah, I talk about you a lot with her."

"What do you talk about me?"

I was too tired to make up something creative and off the wall enough to satisfy her curiosity, so I settled for the vague truth. "Just general stuff. I just like to brag about how wonderful you are." That oughtta get her.

"Do you ever talk, say, about marriage?"

Whoa! Just a bloody moment! I didn't like the track this conversation was suddenly going down! "Marriage?" I squeaked.

"Yeah, marriage. Y'know, does she ever talk about marrying her boyfriend?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, it's something that she can't shut up about." What is it with women? As soon as they reached twenty-one, they started thinking about children and little gold bands. I've yet to meet a woman who doesn't. She started to say something else, but I jumped in ahead of her, knowing what was coming. "But I still think we're too young to get married. I think she is too; I always tell her so. Really."

She leaned close to me in the darkness and ran a finger across my chest. Even though my body was numb with fatigue, her touch was still somewhat arousing.

"You said once that you would marry me." This was true, but I had been drunk at the time. "Do you think,"

and her the self-doubt came back in her voice, "that maybe...maybe I'm not the right person..." her voice trailed off.

My patience was gone. I can stand only so much complete nonsense from Stephanie at four-thirty in the morning. Summoning the last reserves my sleep-deprived body had, I set her straight at the top of my lungs. "LOOK, DAMMIT, YOU'RE THE ONE I'VE ALWAYS DREAMED ABOUT! I WANT A LONG LIFE WITH YOU, BUT I NEED MY SLEEP!! DON'T WORRY ABOUT LINDA OR ANYONE ELSE. I ONLY LOVE YOU!!!" I was breathing heavily and the adrenaline was pumping. Stephanie was silent. She probably thought I'd lost whatever precious little sanity I'd ever had.

There came a thump on our ceiling from the apartment above; our upstairs neighbor let his feelings be known. "Well, I don't love ya, ya stupid motherfucker! If you ever wake me up again, I'll come on down and kick your skinny ass in!"

We both just lay there. I must have been some special kind of stupid to start screaming in an apartment at that hour. Stephanie must have read my thoughts, because she started giggling uncontrollably. Well, I supposed that it was rather funny. I started laughing as well, unable to help myself. Stephanie reached over and put her arms around me; I held her close as we let the giggle fit take its toll.

After awhile, the fit subsided. Despite everything, I felt very good right then and there with her snuggled up next to me.

"Y'know," She said, "I really

didn't mean to get you that upset. I suppose that if you didn't think of other women, you wouldn't be human."

"I wish you would have said that before I became an enemy of Rambo upstairs."

She stroked me just below my pectorals, where she knows I like it.

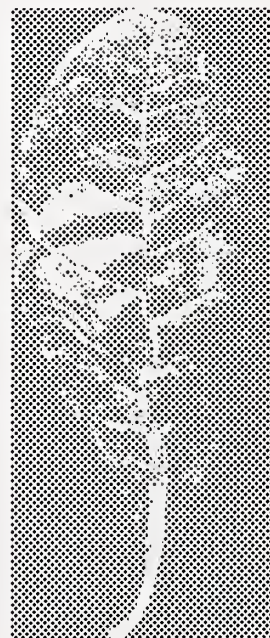
"Do you really have to be in class tomorrow morning" I'd like to make up for tonight. If you're not tired that is."

Hell, I'm never that tired.

Too soon, I was awakened by the alarm clock. Beside me, Stephanie slept on like a statue. God, last night (this is morning?) had been incredible. Still, something niggled in my mind. It wasn't anything major, but it wouldn't sit still in my consciousness. I gently nudged Stephanie awake.

"Hmm?" She looked up at me and smiled.

"Stephanie," I asked, "Who's Kevin?"





# Profile

Sherry Eyzaguierre

Sgt. Sunshine

HOME: a van on the corner, by the doughnut shop

AGE: 43

PROFESSION: Handcrafting sandals and pottery in his beachfront home, miscellaneous interests on the side

HOBBY: "I like, enjoy counting up to very high integers, man, including all the multiples of the number nine, you know, and, like playing chess, man, in my van under the bridge."

LAST BOOK READ: *Gravity's Rainbow*, Thomas Pinchon

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Taking off his shoes after coming home from Woodstock

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "It beats having a real job, man."

QUOTE: "Gosh, like, when you walk the streets, you will have no cares, man, if you walk the lines and not the squares. It's like, you know, infinity. So as you go through life, you know, make this your goal, okay - watch the doughnut, not the hole."

PROFILE: Disheveled and lean individual with protruding nose hairs, forever gazing up and counting



# Angel

# Snow

My thick, ash gray galoshes sank down into the slushy tire track. The men, dressed in layer after layer of flannel and thermal insulation, had just taken off in the brown four-wheel drive Bronco for the first hunt of the holiday weekend. I was left at the cabin with the women. At eight years I was not crazy about sitting in the cabin sipping tea and gossiping. Instead I tramped around in the snow around the cabin,

enjoying my freedom from the adults. After each crunchy step, I'd look back to see the packed snow pattern of my size-five ga-

loshes making a trail around the cabin. The size five was too big until mom stuffed an extra sock in each one.

Light snowflakes fell, some melting through my red knit snowcap. The cap wasn't doing very much good, except for matching with my red and yellow ski outfit. My brother called me a bloated tomato, but I knew I was warmer than he. My ears were numb, and my ears were so frozen that I didn't even realize that it was running until I felt the dampness on my upper lip. I pulled off my yellow neck scarf and tied it on my face like a bandit. I couldn't tie it very well from the back, and it kept falling off. Finally, I wrapped my whole head in it like a mummy. The neck was drafty now.

I saw an untouched patch of snow, and knew just what I wanted to do. I lay down carefully and began to flap my angel wings, making a special pattern in the snow. "Your own unique pattern," my mom would say. I knew

*Kim Calder*



my angel would be safe, because my brother had gone hunting. I was glad he was not there to ruin my angel, but I missed having some one to hang out with. But he had chosen to go hunting. Mom said someday I might choose to sit inside with the women too. I didn't believe her.

My hands were too cold to bear. Their movement was weak and slow, and I remembered the rules mom gave us before we could go outside. I headed toward the cabin; and as I climbed the wooden steps, a sweet smell filled my nose. It was the hot lemon tea and honey-cinnamon pastries that Aunt Donna always brought to the cabin. It was her specialty, mom would tell me. The tea was always darker and thicker than normal tea, and the syrup on the top of the pastries would always spill over the sides, so, no matter how carefully one would hold them, the hands would be sticky.

I entered the warm, musty-smelling cabin and walked across the room to the fireplace. I pulled one swollen finger at a time from out of the damp gloves, and set them on the edge of the flame. I waited for the heat to rekindle sensation in my fingertips.

Mom came over and pulled off my knit cap and mummy scarf, and put them flat on the wood beside me. She set down a big ceramic mug of tea next to me and told me not to touch it. When steam stopped rising from the tea, it would be the right temperature to drink. I wrapped my hands around the mug and brought it up to my cheek. One cheek at a time, the mug would soften my frozen skin. Soon the smoke

would stop and I would sip the sweet, warm liquid and feel the warmth travel all through my body to my toes. Mom would ask if it warmed my bones, and I would be sure it did.

I heard the loud rumbling engine of the Bronco as it made its way down the trail to the cabin. The men's voices echoed in the silence of the mountains, and Uncle Jack's was the loudest. He was deaf in one ear and thought everyone else was, too. His wife, Aunt Donna, told me that and said it was our secret. The women waited for the men to come in and tell about the vicious and ugly animals they had killed. They always held their voices low, and I never really heard about the hunt. I wasn't interested in the gory details about skinning the animals. I'd watched when I was seven years old once, but what the men brought in for us was chicken, which I knew because my mom told me. Of course I had gotten used to the fact that chicken in the mountains never tasted quite like the kind at home, but I ate it nevertheless.

But on this day, I could not avoid the gory details, because my brother had to tell his side to someone. He came in and made his way over to the fireplace. He decided to tell me all about his exciting day, and as he began to speak I could see the sparkle in his eyes.

"Well, there was this raccoon, but Daddy missed it, and..."

"Daddy tried to shoot a raccoon? Why? I thought they only..."

"But then I seen a rabbit, and and Uncle Jack aimed and BAM! He

was dead, dead like a rock! And..."

I'd gotten lost about the time bunnies came into the story. I didn't understand why they were trying to shoot this bunny. They only killed vicious and ugly animals when they went out hunting. I spun and leapt in disbelief, eyes scanning the cabin. Uncle Jack stood by the door, chewing on that big ball of brown stuff that oozed from his lips. His look was always intimidating, but my need for an explanation forced me in his direction.

"Uncle Jack, did you shoot a bunny? Did you kill one?"

"Sure did, honey. Right smack in the hind end. Your brother tell ya?" He bellowed and held his head high with pride.

"But why? Bunnies aren't mean or ugly or vicious."

"I do it so little girls can have pretty rabbit fur gloves. Besides, they don't taste bad, either!"

He ribbed Aunt Donna, who was moving her lips without saying words. Mom stood nearby, and I saw her leg kick Uncle Jack. She was mad too. She loved bunnies as much as I did.

The very concept had eluded me for so long. That a man had killed a fragile brown and white bunny just to line my gloves had never crossed my mind before. The bunny that I had associated with my gloves was one that was alive, hopping about, nibbling carrots, and being lovable. Now all I saw was a bloody, limp corpse, tied from his hind legs to a rack. His fur and skin would be peeled away by Uncle Jack's skinning knife. His body would be slashed into chunks and thrown over

the open fire.

I moved quickly over to the fireplace, and took my gloves into my hands. I went over to the big cushion chair where my father sat and crawled into his lap. He smelled of honey-cinnamon pastries, and his mouth still showed traces of the sticky syrup. I stretched out my arms and tried to circle his neck with them. Whenever I needed help, he was on my side.

"Daddy, will you dig a deep hole outside for me?"

"Honey, I'm tired. Why do you need a hole?"

"To make a grave for my bunny, just like we did for Misty the Kitty."

You can't bury that bunny; it's Uncle Jack's."

"No, Daddy, this bunny."

I pulled out my gloves, and Daddy looked at them a long while. He did not change his expression, but he switched his eyes back and forth from the gloves to me. He stroked my arm and hugged me until I felt his answer.

The hole he dug was three feet deep, he told me. When he was done he laid down the shovel nearby. He knelt beside me, and told me to lay my gloves down in the hole. After I folded them carefully, Daddy told me to say good-bye.

"Daddy, you are supposed to say nice things before you say good-bye, remember?"

"Okay, go ahead."

"Bunny, you were pretty, and sweet, and you were nice. No one should have killed you. Me and Daddy are sorry. Now you go Daddy."

"Mr. Rabbit, we are sorry that

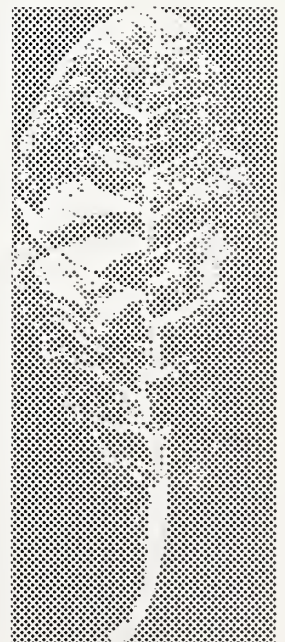


you died. We hope you go to heaven."

"Good-bye."

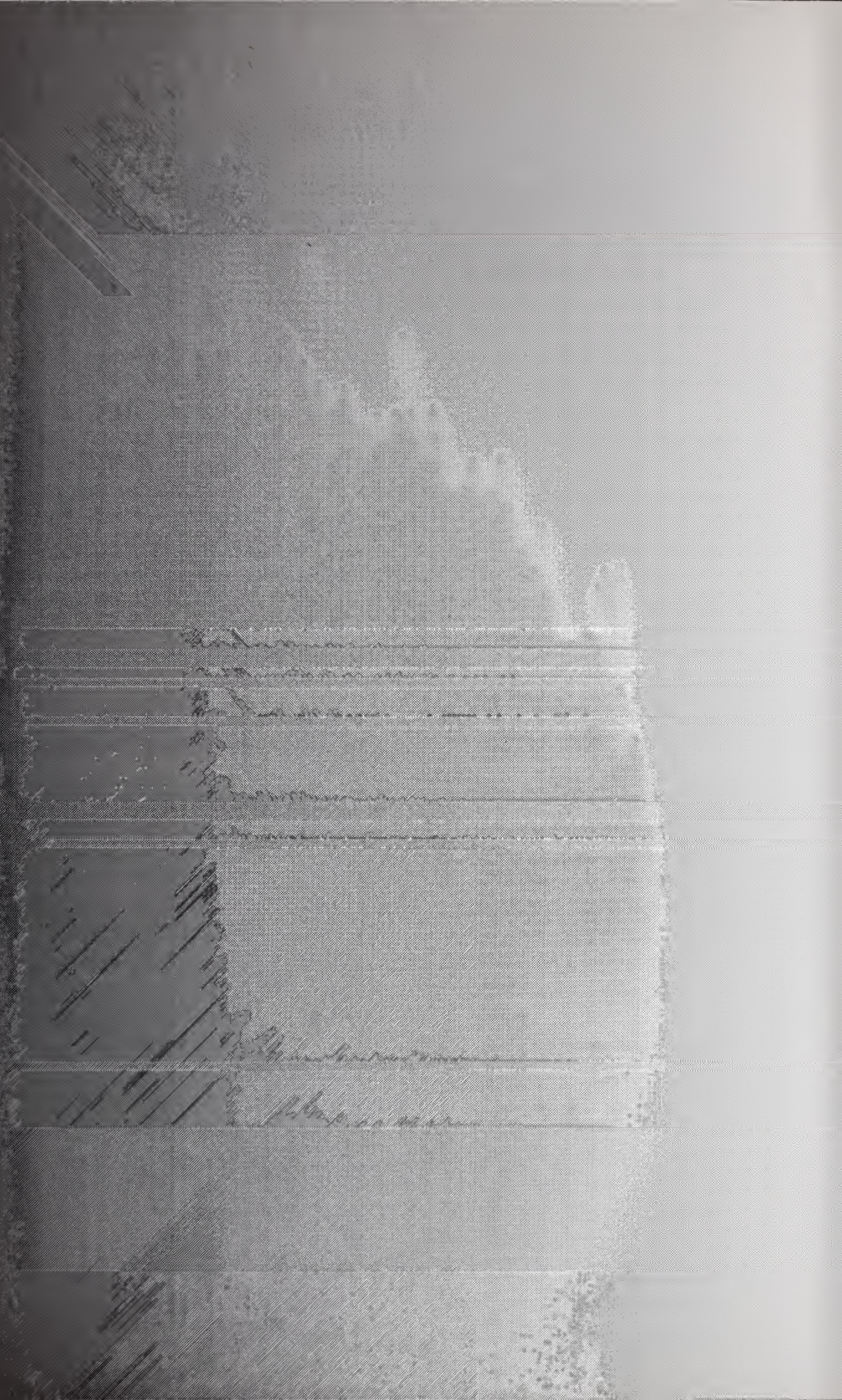
He took his shovel and began to push dirt and snow back into the hole. Finally, the hole was filled and Daddy

picked me up into his heavy arms. I buried my face in his flannel shirt, for a moment feeling relief. His calloused hands pulled back my hair and kissed my forehead.





# PHOTOGRAPHY







*untitled photograph on gloss paper by Ralph Milner*  
*Original—6.5" x 4.5"*





*untitled photograph on gloss paper by Ralph Milner*  
*Original—6.5" x 9.5"*



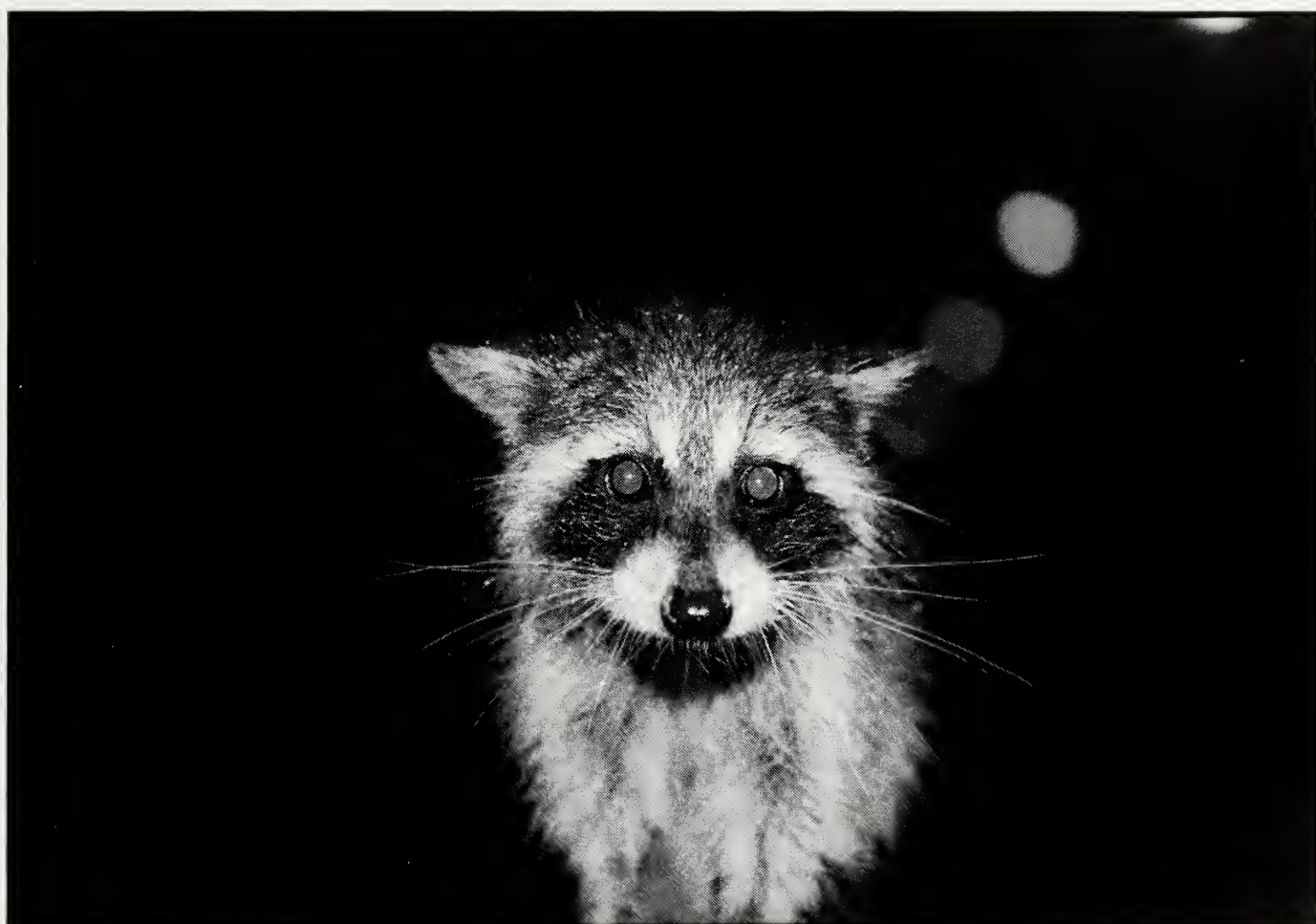


*untitled photograph on matte paper by James Bell*  
*Original—6.25" x 9.25"*









*untitled photograph on matte paper by James Bell*  
*Original—9" x 6.5"*



*untitled photograph on matte paper by James Bell*  
*Original—9.25" x 6.25"*





*untitled photograph on matte paper by James Bell  
Original—9" x 6"*





*untitled photograph on matte paper by Ralph Milner*  
*Original—8" x 7.5"*



# NON-FICTION



# Welcome to the Jungle

One evening while living in Pittsburgh, I received an excited phone call from my father. He asked if I could possibly steal away for two weeks, as he wanted to take me on the vacation of a lifetime. "How's your Spanish?" he inquired and I realized he was going to take me to his farm in Central America. We were leaving for Costa Rica in two day's time.

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*Cassandra Gettel*

From the Pittsburgh airport I flew to Miami to meet with my father, a friend of his, and that friend's daughter so we could all depart together. From

Miami we flew to Managua, Nicaragua, then on to San José, the capital of Costa Rica. After waiting in endless lines to pass through customs, we took a long bus ride to the town of San Isidro where my father housed his jeep with some Spanish friends. From San Isidro we travelled by jeep for four hours to reach a rather primitive town on the Pacific coast known as Dominical, a humble dot of human habitation on the outskirts of the vast Costa Rican jungles. When we reached Dominical, we travelled over green hills and swirling streams deep into the wilderness. The rough dirt roads were like something out of a movie; I felt as if I were starring in an action-packed adventure film. At this time I knew nothing of the many other exciting surprises that were in store for me.

After about an hour of bumpy, dusty driving up densely-forested mountains and over rickety bridges spanning rushing streams and water-



falls, we reached our final destination. At first sight the house seemed to be a very unsteady shack teetering on the edge of a hill; but in actuality it was skillfully constructed entirely of wooden planks, and expertly balanced overlooking the jungles. No one had warned me of the fact that there was no electricity in this part of the world. Nor had anyone informed me that we would have to spend our first day there hooking up our own supply of running water. Welcome to the jungle.

As I walked up the steps that wound around the side of the house, I caught my first glimpse of the view that surrounded it. Jungle on every side, and at the edge of the trees, approximately one mile from where I stood, the Pacific Ocean met the land. Exotic birds flew from tree to tree, their clamor ringing through the hills. A pair of brightly-colored toucans flew past, within an arm's length of the wooden porch on which I stood. The racket of the strange birds was rivaled only by the screaming panic of the monkeys. Their message was clear; we had arrived in Costa Rica during the rainy season and we were going to have a storm.

Although the days were bright and eventful, there was little to do in the dark, spooky evenings except chatter or play cards by candlelight, so we retired soon after the sun went down. The next morning, waking especially early, I made my way to the out-door restroom. As I gazed sleepily out over the jungles, I noticed they had been disturbed; we had weathered a large rain storm in our sleep. Then my

eyes rose to peer out into the gray sea beyond the trees. It was then that I beheld a most awesome sight. Three majestic whales who had come into the cove to weather the storm in their own way, were journeying back out into the open ocean. First the humps of their backs broke the water, then their spouts were visible as they exchanged water for air, and lastly their tails flipping out of and back into the water signaled their final return to the depths of their liquid home. It was only then that I realized I was standing with my mouth agape, savoring every moment of the incredible scene I had just witnessed halfway to the outhouse.

A few days went by and we busied ourselves by working my father's land a bit. There wasn't much to do since the Spanish people who lived next door were paid to take care of the farm when my father was not there. These people also welcomed us into their ramshackle but cozy home, and provided our meals. They helped pass the evenings by telling us stories and allowing us to introduce them to our modern conveniences such as cassette players and modern music.

One sunny day my friend and I decided to go to the beach. The road was very muddy after the night's rain. It was disappointing to hear that it would be too dangerous to drive the jeep down the steep, wet slopes to the beach, but we were offered another alternative. Horses would be able to make the slippery climb down the mountain if we could find a solution to one problem. The horses roamed free over many acres of land and we would have to entice



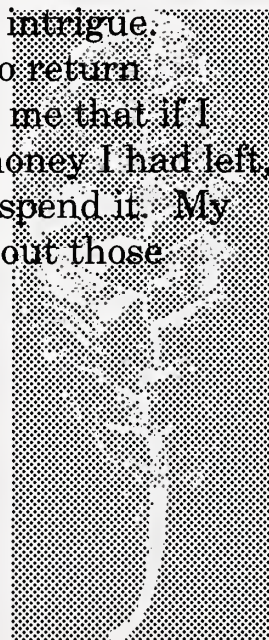
them with sugar or carrots and slip a rope around their necks to capture them. After about an hour of searching and persuading we were able to saddle them and begin our descent to the waiting shore below. It was a very scenic ride past emerald waterfalls and tropical trees of every kind, but those sights did not compare to the beach that stretched lazily before us at the bottom of the mountain. The sand glittered with actual bits of gold and sun bleached sand dollars. Gleaming pink conch shells dotted the shore, bathed in the warm, swirling water. We spent a day in paradise lounging on that beach, soaking in the hot tropical sun. Before we realized it, evening was upon us. This was a dangerous situation because the tide was rising swiftly and the sun was sinking even faster. We then led the horses along the beach in the fiery glow of the sunset as the water quickly rose above our waists. Once we reached the road leading up the mountain, we galloped upwards at top speed. The rains came again just as we were rounding the last turn toward the house. Safety at last was within our reach.

More time passed as we simply enjoyed the unspoiled tropical paradise. Few problems arose, but one troublesome incident did occur. A leopard was invading the local farms, killing chickens, pigs, and a few cattle. Deciding

that this nuisance must be eliminated, the natives set off on a hunt to kill the ravaging cat. After a day and night, they returned victoriously with the animal's lifeless body. The skin was removed and hung at the front gate of the hero's farm, presumably as a grisly warning to any other feline intruders. It must have worked; no others ventured near for the rest of our visit.

Since the remaining few days were dry, we picked one to pile into the jeep and journey back to the town on San Isidro for the fiesta. It was an authentic Spanish festival, complete with dramatic bullfights, native music and dancing, and intriguing Latin foods. The men were clamboring over each other in attempts to dance with the two lovely American girls in attendance, but we were having too much fun to notice.

The next day was our last in the jungles of Costa Rica. We left Dominical very early to make the time-consuming journey back to the airport in San José. That evening we boarded our flight back to Miami, and as we were taking off, I said my silent goodbyes to a land of great beauty and intrigue. Hopefully I will be able to return someday. My father told me that if I kept what Costa Rican money I had left, I will no doubt return to spend it. My father is usually right about those things.





# Living it up in Suburbia

It's a dog's life for the brown anoles (often mistakenly referred to as chameleons) living it up at the Long residence in our lushly-landscaped backyard, complete with a wooden deck. Here in Weston for the brown anoles we have plenty to offer the young single as well as the extended family. There is a variety of abundant dining, many lovely locations for a fine afternoon of romance, good areas for building a little nest of eggs, a plethora of recreational activities to satisfy one and all, and a secure environment from roaming felines.

*Cindy Long*

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In our yard, as in all South Florida yards, there is a tremendous variety of bugs. But the favored cuisine of brown anoles is roaches and spiders. Any brown anole would be pleased with the selection available in our environment. The German cockroach is the right size for the smaller female or youngster in the family. They need only to look in the sandy areas or be ready right after the lawn is mown to get the choice bug of the day. The larger males can find plenty of Palmetto bugs lingering under the deck, especially after a heavy rain.

All year round the sun keeps the deck warm and inviting. The males parade slowly in the steamy heat, displaying their colorful throats fan for their beloved female lingering nearby. Once her attention has been granted to him, he continues to flaunt his throat fan accompanied by exaggerated head bobbing and lizard style push-ups. These histrionics must impress the



female because she is patiently waiting for him to make his big move. Once he does, they may soon be looking for that perfect little place to call home.

Now, exactly where they lay their eggs I'm not sure, but I suspect they may settle under the deck or the protection of the artillery ferns. All during the summer months dozens of baby brown anoles are evidence that their mission was accomplished. The babies are busy discovering their home territory. In their first few weeks they can be seen scurrying into the house when a door is opened (an obvious wrong turn!) coming nearly nose-to-snout with one of my small dogs or taking an unexpected dip in the pool. Even one or two unfortunate ones have ended up on the bottom of the pool or in the skimmer. But most of the time they find their way out via the ladder rails or many times one of us has seen them struggling and scooped them out on the screen pole.

On an average brown anole day in the 'burbs, one may find them sunning themselves on the lounge chairs, enjoying the breeze under a bamboo or an areca palm, leaping from limb to leaf, or meeting for bugs on a freshly mowed lawn. If the sprinklers are on, this avails them of a drink and a cool shower.

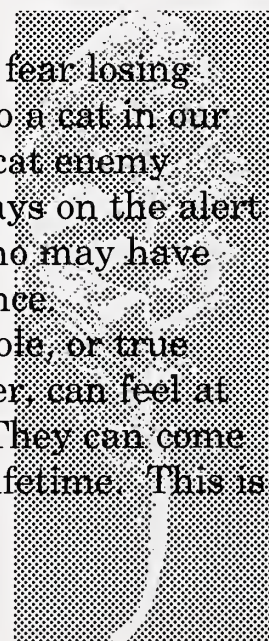
The difference between the brown anole and the chameleon is that the chameleon will adapt its color to its particular surroundings, whereas the brown anole does not change color at

all. It is a grey-brown with darker spots marking a round-edged diamond shape along its back and tail. Interspersed with those markings is yellow that outlines the eyes and runs a straight line down the middle of the back and tail. Their feet have spindly, splayed out toes. Their eyes are mounted on the sides of their slender, elongated heads so when they look at you it's a sly, side-long glance. The males have a throat fan that extends perpendicularly to the body from the "chin" to the "chest". It is a thin membrane usually orange-red with a yellow outline. It is displayed when a threat or challenge is present and also in courtship.

Even though this variety of lizard does not change colors, it is sometimes difficult to spot. They do tend to blend in with the ground and the foliage. What catches your attention is how quick they can be! They move with an impetuosity like so many people in a downtown street! Hurry, hurry, hurry...but where are you going? Maybe there is someone waiting for them on a bromiliad or they are anxious to check on a nest.

But they needn't fear losing their eggs or their tails to a cat in our yard. Our dog Radar is cat enemy number one! She is always on the alert for a misguided feline who may have come over the six foot fence.

So any brown anole, or true chameleon for that matter, can feel at ease here in this oasis. They can come for a visit or come for a lifetime. This is their paradise at home.





Vietnam was a war, and is a country, that I will remember for the rest of my life. This war-torn land was a place of beauty and tranquility as well as a site of unbelievable violence and death, which can only be viewed from the peculiar perspective of someone who has seen it first hand.

As a Marine Force Reconnaissance Sniper on my third tour of duty in Vietnam, I had adapted well to sleeping in trees and eating whatever and whenever circumstances permitted. I was often assigned to patrol isolated regions behind enemy lines. Each mission would generally last from three to six months. The objective of a sniper was to cause both physical and psychological discomfort to the enemy. The methods employed by a sniper nearly always required him to work alone.

***Randy Standley***

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The isolation from human contact permitted a unique perspective of the real beauty that can be found in nature. Most of the day was spent meditating on anything from tomorrow's breakfast to the relative serenity of the jungle. When not on the move, I usually rested in the trees and pondered what I was doing there. Many times, while resting in the trees, I was able to observe the graceful movements of a python as it seemed to glide effortlessly along its chosen course. The beauty that could be found by just looking often induced a false sense of security. Even the bamboo viper, better known as the Two Step, because if bitten a soldier would be dead before taking two steps,



demonstrated the beauty of a nearly perfect killing machine. There were spiders, defying identification, spinning webs that surely required engineering beyond human capabilities. The insects were mostly multicolored and exotic in appearance. Birds would fly by in formations that changed in configuration minute by minute. Many things meant so much more than ever before. Even the stars in the heavens occupied a special place in my mind. I named the North star "**Steak**", because it was always visible at night and perpetually on my mind. The three stars of the belt of Orion were a natural for the name "**Eggs**", which is the number I prefer for breakfast. The moon, although not as obvious to the well-fed, was dubbed "**Hash Browns**", due to its appearance, when full, like a big white plate full of potatoes. Even the tiger stealthily stalking its ill-fated prey was a demonstration of nature's touch of beauty in this land ravaged by the atrocities of war.

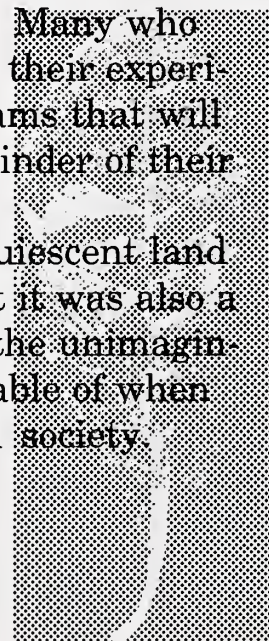
The jungle had many other interesting and beautiful things to experience. I often fell asleep listening to the melody of insects and birds and many other creatures of the night. Now and then the tranquility of the creature's music would grow suddenly silent, possibly signifying the approach of a predator. Too often the predator was an enemy patrol looking for someone - like me.

The daylight usually snapped my eyes open to the reality of the

carnage of war, sometimes to the sight of mangled, dismembered, even disemboweled bodies scattered as far as one cared to look. Most were mercifully dead, but many were alive hanging onto life by a thread. The stench was nauseating. Blood literally flowed in miniature rivers and coagulated in puddles around the dead. Physiological warfare teams combed the dead, further disfiguring the casualties to impart fear in the minds of the enemy. Jars of ears and toes and other body parts were common in forward fire bases. The idea was for infiltrators to carry the word back to their own bases with the impression that we were ghouls or devils and to be feared. Instead, the enemy became copycats. Our own boys were carved into masses of flesh and bone a mother would not want to recognize.

As a sniper I often found myself behind enemy lines where cooking fires were impossible. Therefore when meal time came around, I looked for a North Vietnamese patrol taking a dinner break. When their meal was completely cooked I simply wasted the patrol and moved in for a hot meal. Many who served in Vietnam relive their experiences in reoccurring dreams that will haunt them for the remainder of their lives.

Vietnam was a quiescent land from one perspective, but it was also a land that demonstrated the unimaginable violence man is capable of when unhampered by civilized society.





# ARTWORK





*"Reggae1," computer illustration by Scott E. Coventry*





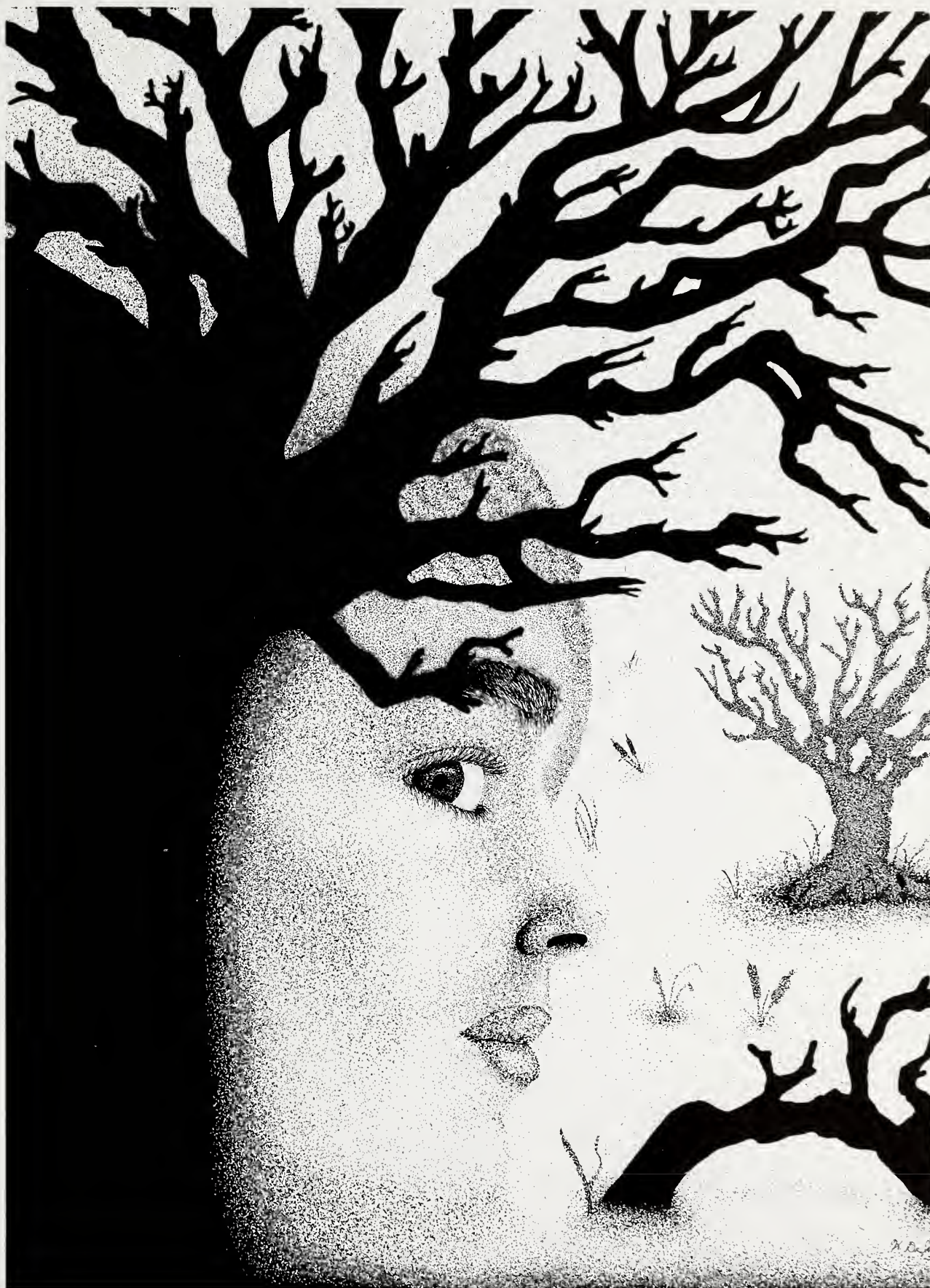
*"Despair Hanging on the Wind," acrylic on paper by Heather Lyn Gupton  
Original—7" x 7.25"*





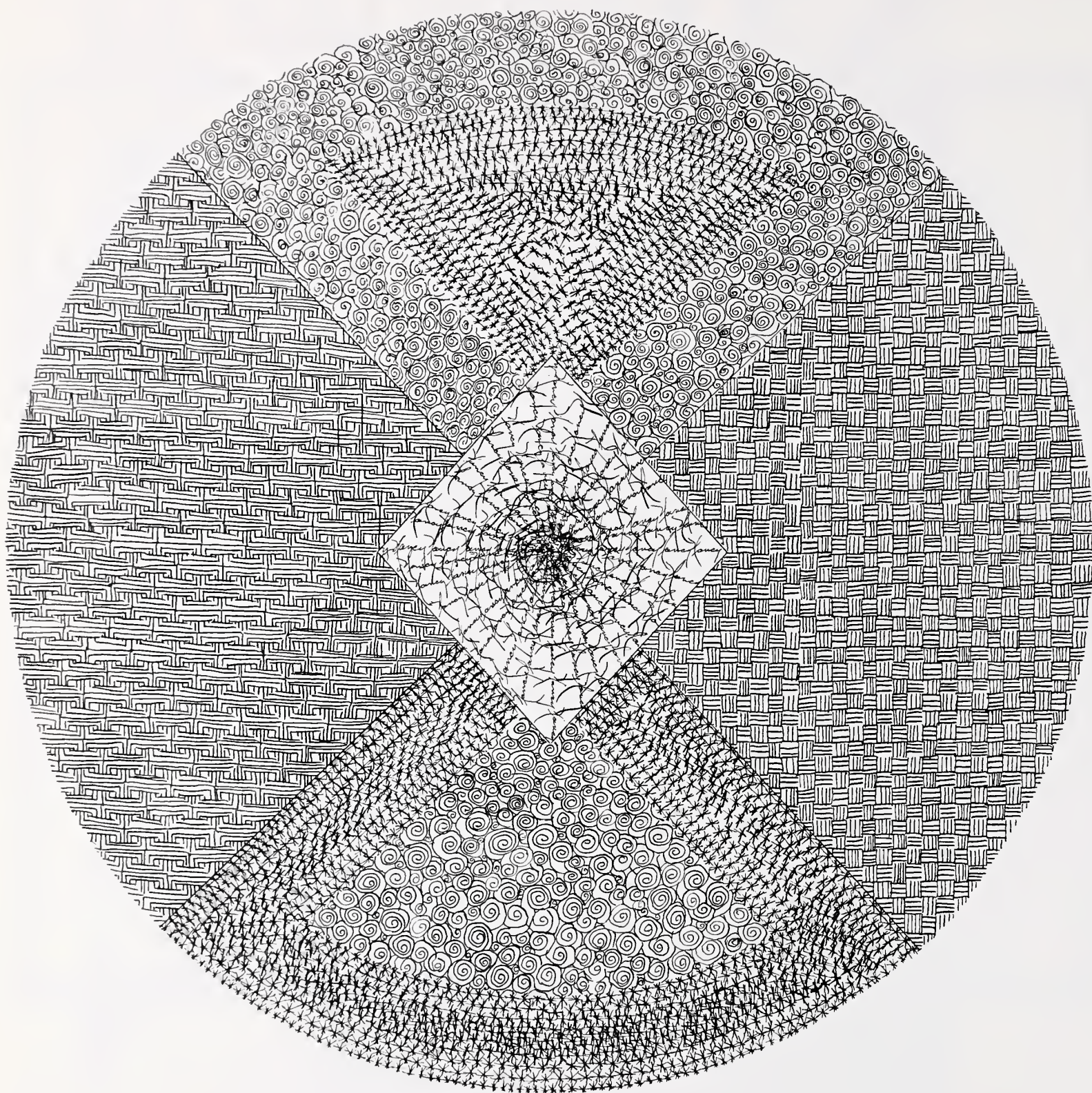
*untitled illustration, pen and ink on paper by Kristin DeJoris  
Original—13" x 11"*





*untitled pen and ink illustration by Kristin DeJoris*  
*Original—19.5" x 14.5"*





*untitled pen and ink illustration by Nancy*  
*Original—18" x 18"*



# POETRY



## Ballad Monger

I am artist.

I am poet.

I am transparent as the window  
of the culture.

Throughout history I have created in  
freedom-ghettos as a revolutionary voice.  
"GIVE ME LIBERTY".

I am lover,  
delving into the great passions of  
carnal lust,  
grasping tightly all that comes  
within me.

I am mother,  
born of my own womb.  
My words are angry children  
seeking independence  
while needing my milk to help  
them grow.

I am poet. I can drink and screw all night,  
then write about it,  
because I carry a poetic license.  
I am expected to be colorful.  
Others live their gaudy fantasies  
vicariously through my expressions.

I am poetess.  
Life cuts through me like a knife.  
My words are bandages that heal  
through my phrases.

We poets are the soul of a generation  
of ideas and action.  
Feel our words as a lover caresses a breast.  
Take comfort;  
All creation has a voice.

*Susan Clerici-Knill*



## Sneaker Ditty

I say with much hesitation,  
for my sneakers have been faithful friends.  
Born in the think-tanks of  
Aerobic Engineers,  
The prodigy-pair did descend,  
the depths of the great Grand Canyon,  
Climbed the soaring heights of Zion.  
Slamming the ground with  
knee-breaking endeavors,  
They have cushioned my very sole.

The rocky trails of the Appalachians,  
(proceeded by moccasined feet),  
These jaunty little rubber buddies  
did a spectacular challenge meet.

Broken-toed, they sit in the corner,  
scorned by the high heeled sophisticates.  
Ever-ready  
to shield me on my wild trails,  
So tattered and torn and misplaced.

Yet, I must admit  
I do ponder,  
When I think of their eventual fate,  
Should I force them into retirement,  
or open the door and let them  
escape...



## Portrait of an Old Woman

Quicksilver raindrops  
squiggle down the foggy window  
as she rocks in the old chair...

Aching joints creak in unison  
with the wicker fibers.

She presses her mottled, withered hand  
to the chilled window pane.  
Steamy fingerprints appear  
as she pulls her hand away  
and wraps a shawl of  
weariness and loneliness  
around  
bony shoulders

a wistful sigh

Quicksilver youth  
is but a chilled foggy memory  
pressed in time

*Michelle Muenzenmeyer*



# Dad

i can remember  
cool summer evenings  
grown-up chatter  
drifting across  
firefly dotted lawns

Your laugh  
hearty, yet tickling  
resounds in my mind.

shyly approaching  
i cannot stay away

Lounging in the  
musty lawn chair  
holding lightly  
the perspiring beer can

You look at me

i intrude

hesitantly, quietly  
propping tiny hands on  
Your knees

sip?

Just a sip.

cool ale quenches my curiosity

Go play now.

i will.  
just let me linger here  
against you  
just  
a little  
while  
longer...

*Michelle Muenzenmeyer*



## Squared

Oh God  
how I hate  
rationalizing radicals  
for the nth time—  
bored out of my mind,  
brain churning,  
suddenly narcoleptic—  
my future hanging  
upon a tightrope  
of terms that might  
as well be Russian.

*Heather Lyn Gupton*



# Virtuoso

lovely  
how such an empty,  
hollow thing  
could sing hurricanes  
through my heart

just a  
cheap imitation yet  
wiry hairs sing  
like sirens as  
they glide across  
gut and steel

translation  
of Handel  
reverts me to  
the baroque,  
dancing minuets  
to Bach

(mentally)

scratching my bow  
for the hundredth time  
as I scrape out  
"Go Tell Aunt Rhody"

I was a composer  
in another life  
now I've amnesia,  
temporarily,  
music reads like

Russian  
I can't translate  
from memory  
to violin

yet somehow the melodies  
escape  
as they scamper through  
my brain,

slip out my ear,  
and tumble  
timidly  
across my strings.

*Heather Lyn Gupton*



## Aggregates

Shapes, forms and fashions.  
Features never matter.  
Each face blending, searching for salvation,  
The forgotten casualties of apathy  
Awaiting the outbound from Hell.

Gladly we pay to escape.  
One soul fills each pair of seats.  
The driver captains our vessel  
Across the concrete Styx.

Five people get off at my stop.  
The ritual is the same every morning.  
Four feet separate us,  
Just as well a million.  
No conversation, only blank stares.  
Perhaps each sees his own destiny,  
Or maybe hypnotic oblivion.

We could unite, save ourselves,  
Form an unbeatable force.  
Others would tremble at our might.  
Our possibilities are endless.  
Five fingers stretch into space,  
Never to become a hand.

*Maurice Fleming*



# Mango Anthem

Bright Mango Days  
OH, carefree days gone by.  
To thee we sing  
With our mangoes raised on high.

Forget about bananas and melons  
We can give those to the felons  
And though it takes two to tango  
It only takes one to eat a mango!

Mango Days  
Mango Days  
In all sorts of ways  
It really pays  
To be a part of  
Mango Days  
That fruit of plenty  
I'll take twenty!  
So I can prepare them  
In many exciting ways  
During Mango Days.

Spurn you cherries, plums and berries  
The preparation of mangoes varies  
Attractively shaped, you won't believe your eyes  
And just wait until you taste Mango Surprise!

Don't be suspicious  
They're nutritious  
And delicious  
And they make  
Such exciting dishes!

*James Martin*



# The Last Refuge of the Great Egret

The shoals bear feathers from the great egret's beard  
and the water once plentiful awaits in puddles  
The sun grows weary of staring at the scorched and cracked soil  
so it leaves a trail of moon  
The evening closes in and the swarms of shore birds appear  
The egret loses feathers with the sandpiper's bob-bob  
boron traces weary the spectacular flocks into cold submission  
and leaves their trail unfulfilled  
Instinct drives them to find another "critical" weigh station  
upon which to stop  
But there are none  
Instinct drives them to find a warm place in the leftover pools  
of earlier years  
somewhere where they can lie down and feel no pain  
And there are none

*Scott E. Coventry*



## Opposum One Evening

The sound of the treefrogs bounced from the canopy  
as I kicked stones and dirt into the pond.  
The water rippled like a Chinese painting,  
but more delicate and more pronounced.  
The crickets operetta'd in harmony.  
I saw little minnows follow me around the pond  
almost as if they knew people carried dough balls to feed them  
I made them wait, but eventually they got their reward.  
Seldom, if ever, do I see such diligence.  
An occasional fish broke the surface  
only long enough to catch a bug.  
The shadow of the evening seemed endless,  
but not in an ominous way.  
Femininity had found its home.  
The opossum that climbed in the branches thinking I hadn't  
noticed  
stole my heart. The beautiful ugly thing.  
But it was only one of the many that did so.  
There was a fox that someone said lived by the pond,  
but I never say it.  
The odd owl seemed undisturbed as I passed underneath.  
Its wonderful, gentle cooo-cooo made me feel even more at home.  
I don't think it's so bad not having a house,  
when I have such a home.



## Berlin 1989

Our fathers built that wall,  
bricks kilned in paranoia  
one by one,  
bound with the us/them mortar of nationalistic myopia

And now we have torn it down.  
Not we the Americans.  
Nor we the democracies of the world.  
Nor we the Republicans.  
Nor we the Socialist Progressives.  
Nor we the Communist Reformists.  
But we - the children of the earth,  
    from the East,  
    from the West.

The sons and daughters of cold war papas.  
Aging children who have never lost sight of the dream,  
who refuse to believe in the Boogie man.  
Comfortable with the rest of the world being just around the corner.

*Bob Homme*



## Distance

You like to run in the rain  
with wind and air and space and stillness  
and the rain washes away the sweat  
and the road is clean and  
shines black before you and beneath you and behind  
you close your eyes  
but you can't stand it; you have to see  
the trees so wet and clean  
and the rain falling  
to the earth, hard  
like your feet pounding the ground.

## Postcards from Memories

The pottery shop, Nabeul, Tunisia  
when the sun was going down  
I was alone in the front room  
and the door was open on the dusty, clay-colored street  
and the old Arab women walked past  
wrapped in white cloth  
and the young boys rode bicycles.

The bungalow  
a scrawny orange cat  
walked through my open door for a nap on the chair  
then sleepily departed  
as nonchalant  
as the boys from the university  
who sit in chairs at the beachfront cafe  
cigarettes and arguments  
heavy eyelids and lazy smiles.

*Amy Suzanne Martin*



## I/O Error

This is a silly story about If. If you know If, then you know why a story about If is silly.

If has a friend named Boredom. If continually says that he is always bored when he goes out with Boredom.

If If is iffy and if If is to be used as if, then If has to be If if and only if If is iffy.

This is a sentence about If that is of no concern to you.

Cute.

Someday If is going to jump up and bite you on your \*\*\*.  
This is true, whether you like it or not.

If wrote a program called 'System Going Down'. He tried to run in on an old buddy named Gould. Gould crashed. Sorry.

This file is a virus so you are now infected. You may wonder which virus you are infected with. Well, we in the lab call it Milkbone.

Absolutely zero.



If is going to build a city with big buildings and lots of windows. This city is also going to need lots of charts to build it.

If you think you have it bad, could you imagine being a space barometer?

Guess what If is. If is a word. Bet you would have never guessed that.

In case of fire, pull cord.

In case of sun, wear shades.

In case of rain, stay indoors.

In case you are wondering, leave me alone.

It's bloody sunny today and If has sensitive eyes.

It's as sunny as a desert and as cold as hell.

There is an elephant under your chair.

Aren't you glad you use Dial; don't you wish everyone did?

Beware Romulans bearing gifts.

Explosion.



# Fire

PLEASE, GOD, PLEASE,  
make it rain.  
Lake waters lap no more,  
Fish thrash in misery,  
expiring in agony.  
Blue herons scour the shore.

Flickering brands daunt the twilight.  
Fire submerges the sawgrass.  
Pillars of smoke entwine the sunset,  
flaunting the sky with flame.  
Eyes behold the intense reds and yellows.  
Acrid scent invades the nose.  
Sirens shout their plaintive lament.  
Wind sounds of agitated animals fleeing,  
screaming a melody of terror.

Careless people causing pain.

Please, God, please,

MAKE IT RAIN.

*Ann Young*



## untitled

An unsuspecting dove  
Flaps his wings  
Into my life;  
Only to be captured  
And sentenced for a crime  
He did not commit.

Days, weeks go by  
As the dove attempts  
To free himself  
From the restraining  
Boundaries of my love.  
The bird fails  
And dies.

My heart shattered  
At the sight of my love  
(decaying)  
And I began to cry.  
That was how I stayed  
(wondering)  
Where would he be today  
Had he come on his own?



## First Love

Hello again.

You're back, but looking bleaker than before.  
And it appears you're arranging to address me again,  
As you lock the door after you arrive.

"What's wrong with me?" you ask.  
Tears race from your eyes as I reveal your reflection.  
It's everything you don't want to see.  
You perceive the paleness of your appearance,  
But your charming character is clouded.

"Only two days and she's kissing someone else," you murmur,  
Reminding me of Monday when you mentioned,  
Your misunderstanding with her.

"What does he have that I don't?" you question wet-eyed.  
I show you my response relying on you to recognize your real beauty,  
But instead you're repulsed by your blemishes.

"What a lame question, he's perfect," you wail,  
With a lowered head,  
But I can't agree for I don't know what he looks like.

"I still love her," you say staring into me.  
"But what's wrong with me?" you wonder once more.

"I'm ugly and no good," you answer aloud,  
As your anger allows your fists to come flying for me,  
As if you blame me  
Smash  
A segment of me shatters into the sink,  
But most of me stays intact.

You select a small scrap of me,  
It's one of the sharper samples.  
I stare as you slash your skin right off your wrists,  
With that piece of me snug in your hands.  
Slice, slice, slice.



You step back sighing, "I can't live without her."  
Then relaxing on the waxless floor.  
As I watch you bleed while waiting for the door to crash  
wide open,  
Followed by the screams that will echo  
Within these walls and windows.

And as expected you're found, but hours afterward.  
Too late for you to hear the explanation of your  
misinterpreted motives  
Scribbled on your self-pitied sanguinary suicide sheet.

"He's just her brother," your distressed sister defines  
After reading your blood dipped dismissal document  
To the rest of the dazed family.



# ENVIRONMENTAL





"Americans produce 154 million tons of garbage every year. That is enough trash to fill the New Orleans Superdome from top to bottom, twice a day, everyday. 50% of this trash is recyclable ("Simple Things" 72). It is astounding to hear such figures, and yet people everyday continue in their wasteful ways, with no regards to the consequences of their actions on our earth. Brimming landfills are being closed in town after town. The U.S. is running out of places to dump its waste. As *Ibia Fries* seem, there are still ways in which we can help. But please don't be fooled into jumping onto the ecological bandwagon just because it is the "in" thing to do in the 90's. Instead we owe it to ourselves and our children to truly educate ourselves on this matter, so that we can really do some good.

Q: Do trash sights worry you? A: "Well they are unsightly, and smell horrible, but my house is miles from the dump so it doesn't concern me at all." Over 60% of the people I interviewed responded in almost the same fashion. CFC's, what are they? Greenhouse effect? Ozone? An overwhelming proportion of my friends and family members were completely oblivious to such terminology. Some were even so witless as to respond by saying: "Sorry, I'm not into nature, I'm too busy raising my kids to worry about it." Well, for their children's sake I suggest they do worry about it and become more informed. How can we help to fight the problem if most of us don't even know who the

# All That Garbage



enemy is?

To begin, surrounding the earth there is a fragile, invisible layer of ozone which shields the Earth's surface against dangerous ultraviolet radiation. Chlorofluorocarbons or CFC's, often present in such products as styrofoams, destroy the ozone layer, permitting an increased amount of ultraviolet rays to pass through to the Earth's surface. The problem with that? Skin cancer, cataracts, and depressed human immune systems, just to name a few of the consequences. These CFC's are also said to be responsible for 15-20% of global warming, or what we call the Greenhouse Effect. And yet critics of the environmental movement respond, "environmental false alarms have produced bad policy" (Linden 68). These naysayers are usually economists, industrialists and bureaucrats who view environmentalism as, "an irrelevant disruption of the real business of the world" (Linden 68). In order for us to make a difference we must not only discontinue our use of products with CFC's, but we must also take a stand against these naysayers and expose them as the self-serving, deceptive, hypocrites that they are.

We are then face with the Jolly "Green" Giants of marketing, who are rushing to introduce "environmentally friendly" products. According to Rick Piltz, deputy executive director of Renew America, the movement to produce these products has mixed blessings for consumers. "Marketers are exploiting the public's concern about the environment - and some aren't really doing much to help it" (Kanner 19). Just as many other products on the market

today are touting the benefits of oatbran or screaming, "Cholesterol Free," so too are these unregulated marketers exploiting their biodegradability without any real evidence that their products actually do decompose, and, if so, at what rate and under what conditions. They are also charging consumers premium prices to do so. We must educate ourselves and become more aware of these sales tactics in order not to fall into their traps. Instead we should be interrogative and not depend solely on the word of multi-million dollar companies when they package products stating such things as "environmentally safe," which has no fixed meaning.

Not so long ago the products "Tender Care" and "Nappies" introduced a new degradable diaper. What they failed to mention was that only the lining was degradable, and that the rest of these diapers would end up in landfills. U.S. babies alone dirty some 18 billion disposable diapers a year. "Disposable diapers constitute 3.5 to 4.5 percent of all household solid waste" ("Environmental Costs" 141). Landfill disposal of dirty diapers cost us close to 300 million dollars a year. The answer to this problem is quite obvious. We need to go back to "the cotton one's mom washed and then recycled back onto baby's bottom" ("Environmental Costs" 141). However, the cleaning agents themselves would have to be "environmentally safe" as well. But have no fear, we don't have to necessarily do all the work ourselves, there are plenty of diaper services out there to do the work of washing them for us. All we have to



do is check the Yellow Pages for a service. "Parents pay a high premium for the disposables' convenience - and increase of \$547 to \$1,417 per child over the cost of using a commercial diaper service." ("Environmental Costs" 141). If you don't want to do it to help the earth, why not just do it to help save yourself a lot of money, not too mention the environmental benefits.

Another more well known culprit, that doesn't seem as intimidating is the "tin" can. In the 1970's it was in vogue to collect cans and bundle old newspapers, but back then markets for recycled materials were too small. And so voluntary programs failed. Today thousand of Americans are harvesting up empties for profit. "One giant can producer, Reynold's Metals, paid nearly \$93 million to recyclers, while taking in some 305 million pound of aluminum" ("Give Me Your Wretched Refuse" 84). Again, if not for the benefit of the Earth, why not do it to pick-up a couple of extra bucks? Recycling and reusing "tin" cans reduces related solid waste by 95% and yet only 5% of tin cans are recycled. Yet another more well known problem is with paper. "Each year, 27 million acres of tropical rainforests are destroyed. That's an area the size of Ohio, and translates to 74,000 acres per day... 3,000 acres per hour... 50 acres per minute" ("Simple Things" 74). If we simply recycled our Sunday paper we could save over 500,000 trees every week! Trees our children could grow to see and benefit from their natural

consumption of CO2. Not to mention the fact that they can also enjoy the their beauty while resting under its shade, reading a book printed on recycled paper, with environmentally safe ink.

The problems I have mentioned are of course, only the tip of the iceberg. Plastic soda bottles, milk carton, even the telephone book you used to look up your new diaper service, are all recyclable. But don't be lulled into believing that doing a few positive things for the environment is enough, it is just the start. We must continue good recycling habits, but along with that we must keep in contact with government agencies, senators, anyone who helps make laws on the environment. And then we must make our new-found knowledge accessible to others. We should take advantage of the fact that the environmental problem is so highly publicized right now. But let us also remember that, "People are easily anesthetized by overstatement, and there is a danger that the environmental movement will fall flat on his face when it is most needed, simply because it has pitched its tale too strongly" (Peter III). I sincerely hope that that is not what happens. We must remember that our responsibility to the Earth is like that of a parent to a child; we must nurture, love and care for it in order for it to prosper.

*[See page 66 for works cited]*



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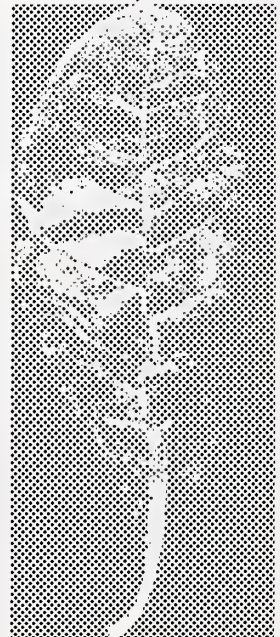
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# Where You Can Help:

Center for Environmental Education  
624 9th St., NW  
Washington, D.C. 20001

Environmental Center, The  
Miami-Dade Community College  
Wolfson Campus  
305.347.2600

Environmental Defense Fund  
1616 P. St., NW, Suite 150  
Washington, DC 20036

Florida Rainforest Alliance  
22601 S.W. 152nd Ave.  
Goulds, FL 33170  
305.246.2775

Friends of the Earth  
530 7th St., SE  
Washington, DC 20003

Greenpeace Action  
1436 U St., NW, No. 201-A  
Washington, DC 20009

Institute For Social Ecology  
P.O. Box 89  
Plainfield, VT 05667  
802.454.8493

National Audubon Society  
801 Pennsylvania Ave., SE, Suite 301  
Washington, DC 20003



National Wildlife Federation  
1400 16th St., NW  
Washington, DC 20036

Natural Resources Defense Council  
1350 New York Avenue, NW  
Washington, DC 20005

Nature Conservancy International  
1785 Massachusetts Avenue, NW  
Washington, DC 20036

Rainforest Action Network  
300 Broadway, Suite 28  
San Francisco, CA 94133

Rainforest Alliance  
295 Madison Avenue, Suite 1804  
New York, NY 10017

Sierra Club  
Information Services  
730 Polk Street  
San Francisco, CA 94009

Skin Cancer Foundation, The  
Box 561, Dept. SR  
New York, NY 10156



*"Breach," computer illustration by Scott E. Coventry*













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